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University
Archives

JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING

HERE BUDDY ?

For those first year students who approach their undergraduate careers at this University with the zeal and enthusiasm of their age, and with the expectations that, here at University is the spot where learning takes place for its own sake, and where they will finally be free of authority systems like high-school, this article attempts to set things right. To clear away the haze and the dreaming from the way it actually is.

This piece takes upon itself the task of exposing the feelings of some of the people who are leaving the University, and tries to illustrate what has actually been accomplished by graduating.

The article in question is a copy of a speech that was almost given at last spring's convocation at the Glendon campus of York University (traditionally an administration-run stage production). The attempt was made by Mr. Robert McGaw of the Glendon student union to show, in my opinion, the meaning of a University education from the perspective of a student who is undergoing the system rather than from that of an authority figure who is administering it.

It seems that at the previous year's convocation, Mr. Ross, the University President, had said it was the time for students to become involved and to question the system that they are using. This was obviously a pretense on the part of Mr. Ross to appear liberal in outlook, while maintaining the authority structure. To do so, he concluded the ceremony and

the microphones were shut off before Mr. McGaw could get into his speech. The speech follows.....

It is rather sad to see what is being attempted here today. It reminds me of a group of doctors who have messed up an operation and who are now trying frantically to cover up by washing their hands of the affair, by changing into clean gowns, and by trying to cover the wounds with wax. How much of the failure was their fault was difficult to establish - for they attempted the operation blind. They too have had their eyes burnt out by the University. They have merely tried to "cure" patients so that they will emerge from the operation in the likeness of those who have "cured" them.

WE are those patients.

What is happening today is that some of the patients are being presented with white canes. Today, some of us are being told "Come children, and kneel at our feet in gratitude, for you are now equipped with the white canes that you have earned and with which you will be able to stumble your way into the outside world. You have lived for three or four years at a place where you have been granted the power of acting out the dictates of your conscience (but only when those dictates agree with ours). You who have not gained enough of our respect for us to allow you to control your own tiny environment, today, are by some miraculous transition (the possession of a white cane perhaps) going to become leaders, the hopes of the world, tomorrow."



The blind lead the others into darkness, as the world crumbles around them.

This University, like any other University in North America, is functioning as a monolithic contradiction. You are here to learn how to become critical and knowledgeable citizens of society and you learn just about everything but that.

Canada is not only being swallowed up, but digested within the economic and political grasp of the United States. Meanwhile, we study the "perfect market system" the nonexistence of which, even the standard text admits.

White Canadians destroy the two original cultures of North America, while we are instructed by "value free" sociology that racism does exist, but that one must not become too emotional in dealing with it, and that one must understand both sides of the story.

However, when we begin to rumble about this "two sides to a story" thing, we find out that the economic and ideological foundation for well over one third of the people on this planet can be examined, at best, as a sidelight in the mainstream of political science, history, economics, and philosophy.

There is no doubt that major changes in our educational system must be brought about. Yet, York University President Ross virtually said in a speech yesterday that despite the work of agitators paid for by "outside organizations", York students have decided that things are so good at York that their faith in the system there has not faltered. What Mr. Ross has really said is that York is vastly better than any University in North America, or that York students have not the ability to recognize its faults without the aid of agitators from "outside organizations".

At Glendon last year, we did begin to show our discontentment. The president, the same man who had told us that Glendon students should get "fire in their bellies" informed us that now that we did have "fire in our bellies" we didn't belong at Glendon College.

Universities are today perpetuating a kind of "newspeak" (cf. Orwell) with which people who have shown their anger at a world system, which carries out slaughter, structuralizes chaos, and allows mass starvation, and who want a world in which none of this exists, are called "terrorists", or "outside paid political agitators".

The Carter Commission Report has pointed out that an unfairly large portion of the Canadian tax burden is placed upon the people who can afford it least. Very few poor children in Canada get into University. This points out a situation whereby people who are paying a disproportionately large amount of the taxes are very much under represented at the Universities. No real confrontation of this issue has been undertaken within or by the Universities in Canada.

Who cares ?

Not many people at good old Glendon seem to care enough to confront any of these points which I have mentioned, much less do anything about them. Too many of you people, the first graduates of Glendon College don't care, or don't know about the problems, or both.

That says little for a College which claims to educate people who, upon graduating, will actively reflect a concern for the affairs of their

society.

Pick up your white canes people. The battle may have been lost on you already. Even if you ever do begin to reflect this cocern, which has certainly lain dormant for your three or four years here (and there are too few exceptions to this generalization), you will do so despite Glendon College and not because of it.

Please think about this.

For those of you who do feel anger at the way in which the world spirals today, and who hunger for a change for the better - keep it, develop it. The people of the earth need this kind of educated anger and hunger.

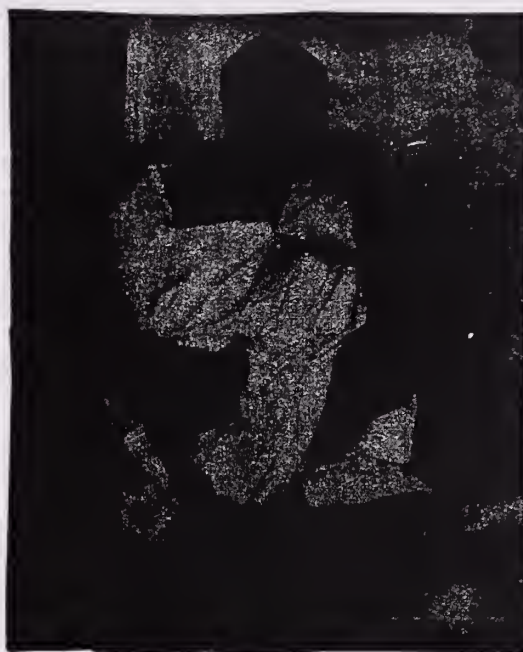


EDITOR.....RON PUSHCHAK
TYPIST.....CLARE BOOKER
REPORTER & PHOTOGRAPHER
.....RALPH GRAY

"Happiness is a Boobfull of Labatts."
oooooooooooooooooooo

General Disturbance C.M.D.R.

A/A Report from the Front



General Disturbance Cmdr. Artsy Army
Men : The heat of the summer is at long last past and you fighting men can once again take up the great and glorious battle with the enemy. (they are engineers if any of you new recruits don't know). We are taking up our quest with guts and grim determination. Now I realize men, that some of you guys are soft in the belly from the long summer of dairy queen cones and the girl next door but the time has come to shape up, by God ! I mean it ! You men have got to start working out now if you hope to secure a berth on my new fighting detachment-the Artsy Army Innis Drinking Squad (hereafter known as AIDS). This squad will undergo rigorous training and elimination trials in the last week of September. The course includes elbow calisthenics for speed, diaphragm exercizes for ferocious belching, and delayed urination for bladder strengthening. It won't be easy, by God ! The dates, times, and places will be posted on all pertinent bulletin boards. So men; and any women with a sizeable capacity for beer, be ready to give your heart and your liver for the glory of Innis College and the Artsy Army. I know you won't let us down. By the end of october, we will attack !!!

That is all
Gen. Disturbance
Cmdr. A/A

EDITORIAL

In the hope of a responsible Executive.....
The Innis Herald Editorial staff is looking forward, with concern and rapt attention, to what actions the Innis Executive will take this year. We are looking forward with optimism because the executive is helmed by a new president- Mr. Ted Montgomery and because there are many new faces on the I.S.S.S. executive since the spring elections. Perhaps the new faces are an indication of increased productivity and concern for the student body. We hope so.

We hope to see an ambitious attempt by the executive to inform its constituents of its actions and aims (perhaps via the Herald). We also anticipate a greater confrontation between and among the students and the executive over issues that affect us all. Is this too much to ask or is this merely what the Innis student body expects and deserves?

The voice of the Innis student body is the Herald, and it will keep its ear to the ground. Any individuals with views and opinions on either the Innis Herald or on any facet or problem of Innis College, are invited to voice these views in a letter to the Editor. Submit them to the Editor c/o the editor's office, Innis #1.

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in the next issue...

JOHN C'S HUMOROUS AND SEARING
COLUMN.....

WHAT IS GOING ON WITH THE INNIS
FARM.....

MORE NEWS, EDITORIALS AND THE
LATEST FROM THE SOUND COLUMN...

MEMO :

TO : All administrators at the University of
Toronto
SUBJECT : Early retirement program

As a result of automation as well as a declining work load, the University must of necessity take steps to reduce its work force. A reduction of Administrative staff plan has been developed which appears to be the most equitable under the circumstances.

Under the plan, older Administrators will be placed on early retirement, thus permitting the retention of those administrators who represent the future of the University.

Therefore, a program to phase out older administrators by the end of the current academic year via early retirement will be placed into effect immediately. The program shall be known as RAPE (Retire Aged Personell Early).

Administrators who are RAPE'd will be given opportunity to seek other positions within the University, provided that while they are being RAPE'd they request a review of their employment status before actual retirement takes place. This phase of the operation is called SCREW (Survey of Capabilities of Retired Early Workers).

All administrators who have been RAPE'd and SCREW'd may then apply for a final review. This shall be called SHAFT (Study by Higher Authority Following Termination). Program policy allows that aging administrators may be RAPE'd once and SCREW'd twice but may get the SHAFT as many times as the University deems appropriate.

THE BEAUROCRACY.



KEEP SMILING

it makes people wonder
what you've been up to!

651 SPADINA

This fall marks the beginning of the life of a new addition to the Innis College temporary residence and building complex. The building in question, located at 651 Spadina Rd., was formerly the Vladimir Institute, but has now been converted into a three floor Bedlam of Innis students. It, like all other Innis buildings to date, is temporary, because the eventual Innis college building (to be situated at Sussex & St. George) is still in the process of construction; a state of affairs that has existed too long to suit Innis students, and which has been eating away at Dr. Harris, our Principal like the proverbial famine. Rumor has it that the permanent Innis building will be in use by 1972, but this figure has been pushed back and kicked about so often that I, for one, have little faith in it at all. The best course is one of extreme skepticism.

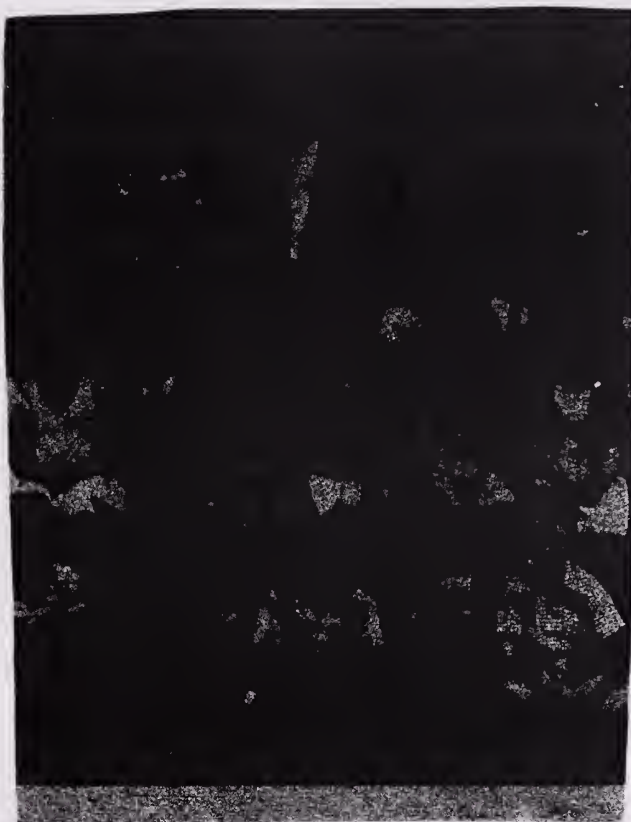
The Vladimir building has been renovated for the use of Innis students and the facilities include a cafeteria, with a chef (the first hot meal operation in the history of the College), small kitchen areas on the floors for snacking and the usual common rooms. The living set up is to be two floors of men on the first and second with a lofty retreat for women on the third. Not included in the packet is maid service and dishwashing. Thus, dishes and cleaning are the concern of the residents.

Here, at 651, the concepts of community and co-operative living are set in motion. These concepts are viable and Innis students have shown their success in the past at 87 Bedford and at 681 Spadina. Both of these residences developed unique life-styles that, together with the commuter culture of the rest of the College, have combined to form an interesting and happy location to hang one's academic hat.

It's not a bad idea to drop in on the different Innis residences. They are an integral part of whatever Innis is. Get to know it.

R. Pushchak.

YOU ARE THERE ? ?



FRESHMEN, INNIS STUDENTS, AMAZED ONLOOKERS !!!

This is your chance to be a part of it. To see, hear, touch, taste, smell, work, and mainly have a rough time as a member of the newsteam of the INNIS HERALD. (you are holding one now zero).

Can you draw? fingerprint? type? fornicate? use paperclips? take photographs? Then you are needed as a member of the staff.

We offer : a balance of sexes on the staff, rotten working hours, concurrent liability suits, and an ogre for an editor. But most of all, we offer good times.

Be in on the politicizing when and where it happens. Get elbow deep in the sex and violence that happens behind the scenes on all great newspapers. Be emotional if you like.

When your tots ask you who you were doing then, you can say that you were there.

See the Editor, Ron Pushchak at the editors office, INNIS #1 or at lunch time around INNIS #2, or during orientation.

Invitation

Mr. & Mrs. Irving Crud request the presence of all freshmen, and all other interested persons to a camp weekend to be held at Rollin Acres on the dates of Sat. & Sun. the 20th & 21st of September in honour of the execution of their beloved, and soon to be, late son, Theodore (the shiv) Crud. Food, shelter and fun are provided for. All freshmen are accepted. Other interested persons who wish to go should check with the orientation Chairwoman. Bring sleeping bags and a lunch, and wear grubby clothing, (and even a swim suit) and arrive at Innis # 2 at 9:00 in the AM.

HEADLINE !

Reasearchers have today disclosed the findings of a two year study done at the University of Toronto Hair Styling Academy, in what appears to be the surprise academic disclosure of the decade. This startling paper, which contains conclusive proof that the use of speed, even occaisionally, increased the ratio of clear to blemished skin in pregnant caucasians of both sexes, is recieving wide-spread publication. Chief researcher Euclid Tish, a top scalp and sideburn specialist, refused to give specific answers to questions concerning the impact of the paper but did say that trouble was brewing.....



So who wants a pot-smoking cat? Not Me. I've got enough trouble with drinking girlfriends that burn up my bread as if it were draft card paper. So how did this cat get the habit? Well thats a long and gruesome story that none of us are too proud of, but since the event took place and the harm's done, I might as well tell you.

Was a big party see. The people were coming from all directions and distances to blow off a considerable amount of steam accumulated in the U of T ratrace. The whole bag. Women with clear conciences and guilty bodies. Men with overflowing bottles and tight pants. Me too, but I buy bigger pants. It was building up to be the great-grandmother of all parties. I got there at the same time as the rest of that usually dull crowd, that needs the weekend retreat to light up and explode a bit.

S'thats what it shaped up like. Upon arrival, we began to drown ourselves rapidly, in whatever rivers of forgetfulness that we happened to bring with us. My own particular Nile was a bottle of Scotch, which no-one should get drunk on, but I do, lacking any of the more usefull social graces.

Nigh-on in the evening, all were well lubricated, like Grantelli was pouring S.T.P. all over the place, and two-thirds of the faces there were com-

fortably unrecognizable, when a well known friend appears with some unanticipated pot.

How did the cat get into it? that's coming. Well, the users separated from the non-users, as a social necessity, or as a condescension, I'm not certain which, and the dumb cat followed the pot people. In the course of the joy, someone (an ass, most assurdly) got the clever idea of blowing pot smoke into the cat's nostrils.

Now I ask, what to do with it? I mean its had its fun but its resources are limited. And besides, what decent, law-fearing pusher is going to sell to a cat anyway.

The beast's in a bad way. Its stuck out in nowhereland and it just can't understand why some other foul-smelling human doesn't blow smoke at him and make him happy. The bum that got the poor creature high, doesn't want it either. Not me, I'm straight and that cat is a bad memory. Anybody want it its yours.



DONT FORGET FRESHMAN WEEKEND



CONTEST!! CONTEST !!

Vladimir house on Spadina Rd. can no longer be called Vladimir house because the old Vladimir house has moved just across the street, hence name conflicts are imminent.

So the person that suggests the name for that building, the new Innis residence, will win a bottle of the finest liquor (variety specified by the winner- within contest limitations) courtesy of the Innis Herald, plus all of the notoriety and exposure that this paper can offer (including a photo and story).

-----Fill out and submit today-----

** Name _____ **
** Tel _____ Year _____ **
** Suggested Name _____ **
** _____ **
** contest closes October 1st. **

The Sound Column

"Tommy" by The Who

The Who have managed to do the great thing in music today. To write an Opera in a contemporary music style. It is a large piece of music, but it is also a facinating and mentally stimulating story told in song and in instrumentation, in a way that affects us deeply. It is strong and expansive in character. It is sad in that the tragedy of Tommy, the pinball wizard, is on a high level, because of his handicaps, and because he is misunderstood by the people around him. It is honest in its treatment of the human relationship. The Opera sings of the sadism of cousin Kevin, the homosexuality of uncle Ernie, and the misguided love of Sally. It is a piece for today in that it explores the drug-hazed mind of the Acid Queen, and it is critical of our society through its religeous and beaurocratic symbolism. Mental pictures of Christ abound everywhere.

The Rock Opera is complete in form and contains an overture (and an underture for extra instrumentalization) and yet is closely contemporary in that its style and form are straight out of the vein of deep rock that is so sought after today. The music never lags even though there are four LP. sides involved, and the styles of presentation change with each number to develop characters being sung about or to create moods for the various stages of the plot.

"See me, hear me touch me, feel me"

"See me, hear me, touch me, feel me."

This is the plaintive and lonely cry of Tommy, the deaf, dumb, and blind kid about whom the Rock Opera of the Who

centres. Tommy, severely handicapped, who through perseverance, struggles at pinball and becomes the greatest Pinball Wizard of all times. Tommy, who achieves greatness and fame through the traumatic trials of torture and humiliation, and who wants to share his greatness and fame with everyone. Tommy, the lad that fails through the misunderstanding of the people who want to be as great as he.

An appealing and intricate plot for an opera, but one that suits the appeal for intricacy in the lyric of today. Perhaps, if one had the time, a complete analysis of the symbols and images would be in order, but this isn't necessary because the Opera can be very entertaining superficially.

It is an opus to be enjoyed in many ways, but as a guide to better mental contact with the music and the message, the piece should be listened to after a warm-up. To come upon the Who playing Tommy cold is an unsettling experience. Perhaps a build up period consisting of the latest Procul Harum LP. or something by Jethro Tull would be in order. Even some suitable loosening of the Mind through alcohol would be of use too. A good way to meet Tommy.

Perhaps the aspect of the Rock Opera that is most impressive is the amount of hard work and talent that went into the making of such an intricate and beautiful art piece. A blessing on the Who; someone has finally done the damn thing right.